Leaves from a Christmas Bough

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ELLIER

with Mr & Mrs Watkins'

Kind Regards

MAY 1872

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Leaves
from a
Christmas Bough
by E Bond
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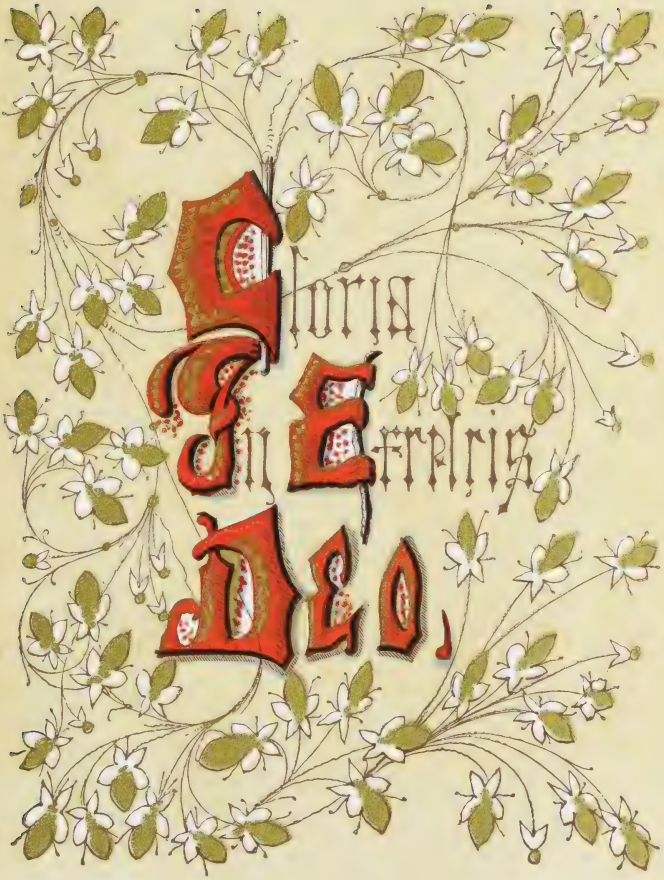
Leaves
From a
Christmas Bough


Gloria
in Excelsis
Deo.

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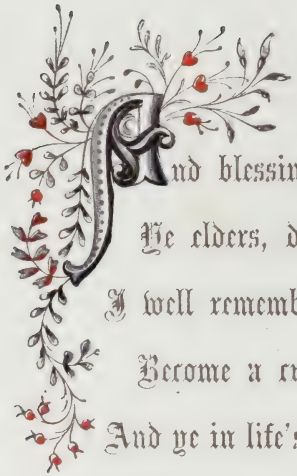
Christmas Greetings.

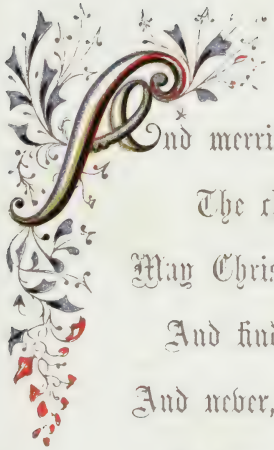
God bless you heartily, kind friends,
I wish you joy and gladness!
This is the season of the year
When all should banish sadness!
Or, if some graver memories come
Across your bosoms fleeting,
I pray you try to recollect
These words of heavenly greeting:

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people,
Saith your God."



And blessings on your failing strength,
Ye elders, dear and hoary;
I well remember how gray hairs
Become a crown of glory:
And ye in life's delightful prime,
With ardent bosoms beating,
The brighter be your happiness
For these words of heavenly greeting:

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy,
which shall be to all people."



And merrily I welcome you,
The children of the party!
May Christmas bring its sports to you,
And find you blythe and hearty;
And never, in your mirth, forget,
At any Christmas meeting,
That long ago a child was born
Who brought this heavenly greeting:

"Suffer little children to come unto me,
for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

In hall and cottage, town or vale,
I wish you every blessing;
May rich and poor together meet,
One common Lord confessing;
Each for another's happiness,
Some kindly hope repeating,
For to all men alike, were sent
These words of heavenly greeting:

"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Old Father Christmas.

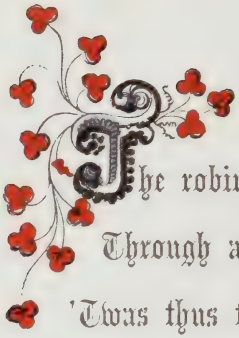
Old Father Christmas once more comes,
We'll bid him welcome to our homes,
With sunny smile!
He stands beside us, full of glee,
Our holly and bright boughs to see,
Laughing, the while.

He fills the glasses, heaps each plate,
And makes us keep the rebel late,
With tale and song;
He cracks the nuts and cracks the jokes,
Remembering young and aged folks,
Weakly and strong.

Then welcome Father Christmas here,
May all receibe him with good cheer,
And mistletoe!
Kindly, gladly, may he come,
Brightly bisit ebery home.
And brightly go!

Christmas Voices

The joyous bells have chimed
all day,
Will you hear what they are telling?
"Sorrow must be chased away,
For Heaven has sent a cheering ray
Into Earth's remotest dwelling."



The robin's notes have trilled outside,
Through all the cold and wintry weather;
'Twas thus the darling songster cried:
"Heaven will for all our wants provide,
Let us rejoice in songs together!"

And children's voices fill the air,
With carols to our hearts appealing;
Many an olden tune is there;
And touching memories, sweet and rare,
Awaken us to kindly feeling.

A Fireside Story.

ome hear my story;
'Tis one of holiest love, and brightest glory!
Old Christmas I,
Come gather round me, while the night goes by!

Long, long ago,
Ober the midnight heabens there came a glow,
It was the star
Which heralded the Sabiour's birth afar.

That sudden light
Found shepherds watching by their flocks at night.
Deboutly they
Before that radiance fell and bent to pray.

ngelic strains,
From Heaven itself, were heard on Bethlehem's
plains,
Mid blessings bright,
They hailed the future Saviour born that night.

rostrate they heard,
Those shepherd swains, the solemn Angel's
word;
The dark, hushed night
Became with music and with radiance bright.

till let us listen,
For still the starry hosts of heaven glisten.
And still that lay
To every feeling Christian heart finds way.

till shall that glow
Perbade and warm the willing breast below,
And Angels claim
Love and good will from all who bear Christ's
name.

The Holly Chorus

Come, dear friends, and gather round,
The earth to-night is holy ground!
For well we know it once was trod
By the hallowed Son of God.
Hallelujah!

Bring in holly bright;
Christ was born this night!
Let the bells ring,
And all men sing,
Hallelujah!

He was with the cattle laid,
Whose word the very wabes obeyed:
He claimed no more than mortal birth
Who brought salvation to the earth.
Hallelujah!

Bring in holly bright;
Christ was born this night!
Let the bells ring,
And all men sing,
Hallelujah!

He this night, in lowly stall,
Was born to teach and comfort all;
He slept unknown amid the crowd
Of whom bright Seraphs sang aloud:
"Hallelujah!"

Bring in holly bright;
Christ was born this night!
Let the bells ring,
And all men sing,
Hallelujah!

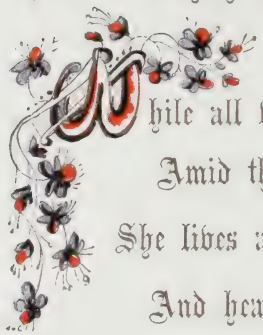
For the very Angel throng,
Burst with gladness into song,
When Messiah's promised birth,
With peace immortal blessed the earth.
Hallelujah!

Bring in holly bright;
Christ was born this night!
Let the bells ring,
And all men sing,
Hallelujah!

But Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart.

arbellous, beyond all thought,
To Mary's loving ear,
The tidings by the shepherds brought,
From Bethlehem's plains, appear.

The noisy crowds who press around,
No interest can impart,
She listens to a heavenly sound
Which whispers to her heart.



While all with eager change is rife
Amid the hurrying throng,
She lives alone an inward life,
And hears the Angel's song.

As, in the unfamiliar scene,
O'er her no neighbours bend.
Closer she clings to worlds unseen
Where dwells her Heavenly Friend.

While still before her dazzled eyes
That radiant Form appears,
Whose glorious message from the skies
Is echoing in her ears.

With quiet faith, the mother's breast,
Strengthened by Heavenly light,
Waits God's own time, in perfect rest,
Assured His will is right.

Stars and Crowns

h stars that shine above
To solemnize the night!
Beside one holy star
How dim your utmost light!
Bow down, in reverent awe
(As once in Joseph's dream),
And own, in Bethlehem's skies,
A more resplendent beam!

Oh, kings of mortal birth,
With pomp and jewels crowned!
Low in a manger laid
A greater king is found.
Your pomps and crowns must fade,
And death their conqueror be,
His crown of thorns shall bloom
Throughout eternity!

A Christmas Welcome.

eed not now the falling snow,
Make great fires glow!
Round about the chimney crowd,
With carols loud.
Christmas welcome, Christmas dear,
The happiest day of all the year!

If the winds blow loud without,
Join in their shout!
They do but sing, with trumpet blast,
"He's come at last!
To give him welcome, Christmas dear,
The heartiest day of all the year!"

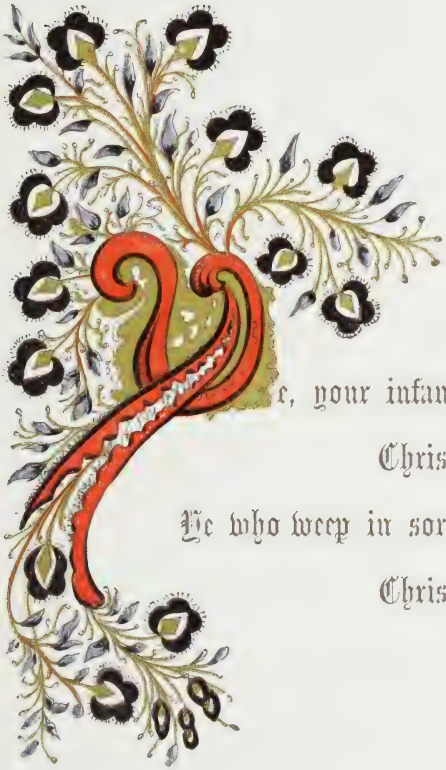
Let hospitality be there,
His hoards to share,
And friends around the board appear,
From far and near,
To welcome Christmas; Christmas dear,
The kindliest day of all the year!

Bring the cheerful gambols in,
With shout and din!
Bob the apple; run and find,
Though bound and blind,
And singing, welcome Christmas dear,
The merriest day of all the year!

Hang the mistletoe on high;
With furtive eye
Turn, before the kiss you share,
To see who's there:
And give your thanks to Christmas dear,
The warmest day of all the year.

nd when the jolly day is gone,
And night comes on,
May blessings, more than earth can tell,
Crown each farewell,
And memory tell of Christmas dear,
That happiest day of all the year.

"Christ was born to night!"

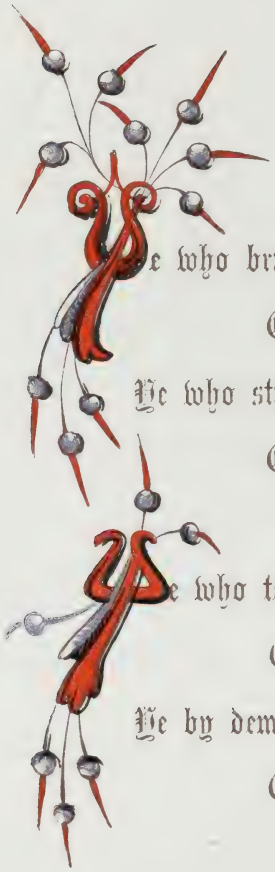


e, your infant's lips who press,

Christ was born to-night!

Ye who weep in sore distress,

Christ was born to-night!



e who brave the billows wild,

Christ was born to-night!

Ye who stand accused, reviled,

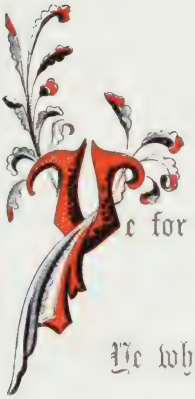
Christ was born to-night!

e who toil, and see no rest,

Christ was born to-night!

Ye by demon-thoughts possessed,

Christ was born to-night!



e for whom the feast is spread,
Christ was born to-night!
Ye who mourn above the dead,
Christ was born to-night!

e by seeming friends betrayed,
Christ was born to-night!
Ye who enter death's dark shade,
Christ was born to-night!

All your strength in praises bring,
Christ was born to-night!
Join in chorus, join and sing,
Christ was born to-night!

The Message of Christmas.

This is a time of joy and mirth,
And Angels walk upon the earth,
Whispering about a holy birth,
Long years ago;
Bidding us all, with grateful heart,
In every festive scene take part;
Oh, Christmas! what a friend thou art
To all below.

For, with earthly joy and glee,
Holier thoughts are brought by thee,
And in thy light new light we see,
New hope and love!
For all our Christmas meetings here,
Our happiest hours with those most dear,
Are nothing to what shall appear
In worlds above.

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